THE
Taylor Done Over.

To which are added,

DEAR MARY ADIEU!

ROBIN HOOD and the BISHOP of HARTFORD.

The Conſtant SHEPHERD and the Unconſtant SHEPHERDESS.

The SURPRIZING OLD MAN.

Entered according to Order.

RB.23.a.6970

THE TAYLOR DONE OVER.

To its own proper Tune.

A Taylor I once was, as blythe as e'er may be,
Until Love alas! ſure a devil has made me:
I once was ſo luſty, and call'd Will the rover,
But now a poor ſkeleton Taylor, done over.
Over, over, over, over, o - - - - r.

'Tis many a day have I ſtood with great pleaſure,
And cut out my cloth to my cuſtomer's meaſure,
With a full yard for cabbage, I then liv'd in clover,
But Sue's cruel frowns have me almoſt done over.
Over, over, over, over, o - - - - - - r.

When firſt I beheld her in ſilks dreſs'd ſo gayly,
I fell into fits and they trouble me daily:
How cruel muſt ſhe be? the ſight could not move her,
I fear that theſe fits will one day do me over.
Over, over, over, over, o - - - - - r.

The next time I ſaw her paſs by my ſhop window,
My gooſe being hot, burnt a ſleeve to a cinder;
The girls they ſo jeer me, that I can go no where,
Was ever poor Taylor ſo neatly done over.
Over, over, over, over, o - - - - r.

The laſt time I ſaw her, ſhe was with a ſailor,
She laugh'd and ſhe ſaid, there's the done over Taylor;
Good-by to you, Snippy, I'm going to Dover,
So here is an end to the Taylor done over.
Over, over, over, over, o - - - r.

Robin Hood and the Biſhop of Hartford.

GO kill me ſome veniſon, ſaid Robin Hood,
go and kill me a good fat deer,
For the Biſhop of Hartford is to dine with me,
and he ſhall pay well for his ſhare,
and he ſhall pay well for his ſhare.

Go kill me ſome veniſon, ſaid Robin Hood,
and dreſs it by the highway ſide,
And mark ye the Biſhop narrowly,
in caſe ſome other way he ſhould ride, &c.

Robin dreſt himſelf in ſhepherd's array,
and ſix of his merry men alſo,
And when that the Biſhop was riding by,
all round the fire they did go, &c.

Whoſe men are you? the Biſhop he ſaid,
or how make you thus ado?
Or how do you kill the King's fallow deer,
your number being ſo few? &c.

We are poor ſhepherds, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
we keep ſheep round all the year,
We had a mind to be merry this day,
and to eat of the King's fallow deer, &c.

You are bold fellows, the Biſhop he ſaid,
and of it you ſurely ſhall know;
Therefore make haſte and come along with me,
for before the King you ſhall go, &c.

O pardon, O pardon, ſays bold Robin Hood,
O pardon me, I do pray,
For it does not become your Lordſhip's Grace,
for to take our ſweet lives away. &c.

No pardon, no pardon, the Biſhop he ſaid,
no pardon to you I owe;
Therefore make haſte and come along with me,
for before the King you muſt go, &c.

Robin Hood put his back againſt an oak,
and his foot againſt a thorn,
And out from below his ſhepherd's cloak,
he pull'd a long bougle horn, &c.

He put the ſmall end to his mouth,
he blew a blaſt or twain,
Till threeſcore and ten of Robin's yeomen,
came all marching over the plain, &c.

Making obedience to bold Robin Hood,
and marching ſo merrily,
What is the matter, ſays little John,
that you call ſo haſtily? &c.

Here is the brave Biſhop of Hartford,
no pardon to us he will give;
We will cut off his head then, ſays little John,
and we will throw him into his grave, &c.

O pardon, O pardon, the Biſhop he cried,
O pardon me, I do pray,
For if I had known this had been you,
I would have rode ſome other way, &c.

No pardon, no pardon, ſays bold Robin Hood,
no pardon to you I owe;
Therefore make haſte and come along with me,
for to merry Barnſdale you muſt go, &c.

Robin Hood took the Biſhop by the hand,
and he led him to merry Barnſdale,
There he made him drink of the blood red wine,
the cherry, beer and ale, &c.

A reck'ning, a reck'ning, the Biſhop he cried,
for I'm ſure it will come high,
Lend me your purſe then, ſays little John,
and I will tell you by and by, &c.

He took the cloak from the proud Biſhop,
and he ſpread it on the ground,
And out from the Biſhop's portmanteau,
he told five hundred pound, &c.

Here is money enough then, ſays little John,
and it is a comely ſight to ſee,
It makes me in favour with the Biſhop,
though in his heart he loves not me, &c.

Robin Hood took the Biſhop by the hand,
and he made the muſic to play:
He made the Biſhop dance in his boots till he ſwate,
and was glad to get ſo away, &c.

DEAR MARY, ADIEU!

FArewel to Old England, the white cliffs adieu!
Can the gale be auſpicious, that bears me from you?
Though ocean divide me as wide as the pole,
No diſtance can change the true love of my ſoul.
As well might my meſſmates determine to bale,
All the waters which fill up Old Neptune's great pail,
As divert my firm mind from its fond thoughts on you,
Farewel to Old England, Dear Mary, Adieu!

Dear Mary, Adieu! can that love go to wreck,
Where ev'ry plank bears your name on the deck?
Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
Where guileſs my ſhipmates at chequers have play'd;
Their ſports are no paſtime to ſorrow and me,
My mind is more happy in ſighing to thee:

More happy by far when I'm thinking on you,
For the hopes of return takes the ſting from adieu.

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar,
'Tis his compaſs, his helm, his guide, and his ſtar:
'Tis impreſs'd on his boſom the moment he ſails:
It ſhortens long nights, and it quickens light gales:
The dull midnight watch it ſends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day:
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes Adieu into welcome Return.

The Conſtant SHEPHERD and the Unconſtant SHEPHERDESS.

AS I was a walking one morning in May,
The fields they were clothed in gallant array,
I happened to hear as I paſs'd by a grove,
A ſhepherd lament for the loſs of his love.

It was near a fountain where I ſat alone,
The birds they flock'd round to pity my moan,
All dreſt in their branches and over their young,
They ſeem'd to attend me, ſo ſweetly they ſung.

Was ever man living in ſo happy a ſtate,
As I was with Flora, my Flora ſo ſweet!
I ſigh'd to my Flora, and thus I did ſay,
To make us both happy there wants but one day.

Thus ſaid the fair one, this muſt not be done,
No, no, loving ſhepherd, we both are too young;
We'll both go to ſervice, I think it moſt fit,
And in time we'll increaſe our ſubſtance and wit.

As fortune would have it, to ſervice ſhe went,
To wait on a Lady, that was her intent;

She happ'ned to wait on a Lady ſo gay,
Which clothed fair Flora in coſtly array.

About a month after, a letter I ſent,
With a line or two in it to know her intent;
She wrote—that ſhe liv'd a contented life,
And ſhe never would be a careleſs man's wife.

The words unexpected did wound me like a dart,
But I chear'd up my fancy and chear'd up my heart,
And hoped ſhe would not write ſo again,
But her anſwers convinc'd me 'twas all in vain.

So my herd and my flock I ſhall bid adieu,
My bag and my bottle I'll leave them to you;
My hook, cove and bayonet, I'll leave them behind,
Since Flora, fair Flora has changed her mind.

THE SURPRIZING OLD MAN.

THere once was a man, you may think it uncommon,
But if he ſaid true, he was born of a woman;
And though 'tis ſcarce, yet I have been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Whene'er he was hungry he call'd for ſome meat,
And when he could get it you're ſure he would eat:
When thirſty he'd drink if you'd give him a pot,
And his liquor moſt commonly ran down his throat.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

His face was the queereſt that ever was ſeen,
For if 'twas not waſh'd, it was ſeldom e'er clean;
He ſhew'd moſt of his teeth when he laugh'd or did grin,
And his mouth ſtood juſt croſs 'twixt his noſe and his chin.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
And he ſtirr'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd;
But his gait was ſo odd had you ſeen him you'd burſt,
For one leg or t'other would always be firſt.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

He ſeldom or never could ſee without light,
Yet I'm told he could hear very well in the night;
But he fell faſt aſleep as he lay in his bed,
Yet has oft been awake in the morning 'tis ſaid.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

When this comical chap had a river to paſs,
If he could not get over, he ſtaid where he was;
And though he did ſeldom e'er quit the dry ground,
Yet ſo great was his luck that he never was drown'd!
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Among other ſtrange things which beſet this good yeoman,
He was married, poor ſoul!—and his wife was a woman;
But though ſhe was loving, complacent, and mild,
Yet ſo hard was his fate, he was never with child.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

At laſt he fell ſick, as old Chronicles tell,
And then, it is ſaid, he was not very well;
But what was his worſt in ſo weak a condition,
As he could not give fees—ſo could get no phyſician.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

What wonder he died—but 'tis ſaid that his death
Was occaſion'd at laſt by the want of his breath;
But peace to his bones, which in aſhes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer he'd been a day older.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

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